

W. J. 11  
( PRICE ONE PENNY. )

Mr. 16

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T H E

# B O R O U G H - C H A C E ;

O R, T H E

## B L O O D L E S S C O M B A T.

**G**OD prosper long our Noble King,  
Our lives and safeties all ;  
A woeful drinking once there did  
In Peter Scott's befall.  
To chace the Fox with Punch and wine  
Earl Clothyard took his way ;  
The child unborn fore *might have* ru'd  
The drinking of that day !  
The stout Earl of the German-plains  
A vow to God did make,  
That he EDINA by the nose  
For Fourteen Years would take.  
EDINA was the fairest dame  
In SCOTIA's warlike land ;  
Red as the crimson was her cheek,  
Like lilly white her hand.  
But German-plains, by foul deceit,  
Had brib'd her guardians three  
To come to K——, and offer him  
Whate'er the nymph could gi'.  
Now tidings to the brave Earl ROSE, ★  
At his fair palace, came,  
That German-plains had spoil'd the nymph,  
And blasted all her fame.  
" Has German-plains enthral'd the dame ?  
" Bring you this news to me ?  
" Then I'll be curs'd," enrag'd, he cries,  
" If I don't set her free !"  
Then messengers to Earl Parchment, ★  
And eke to Clothyard, go ;  
" You'll meet Earl Rose, by the next dawn,  
" To combat his fierce foe !"

+ Mr Louie Draggert  
+ Mr Hadout  
+ Mr Laurence Dondoff

+ K...  
+ D. Beclouch

+ L. Advocate

In order fair the troops were set ;  
 Their dazzling armour shone :  
 The fight began by morning light,  
 At midnight scarce was done.  
 Yet brave Earl Rose's gallant band  
 Like deathless heroes stood ;  
 And kept at last the well-fought field,  
 Though to the knees in blood.  
 Sir Regulator, in the front,  
 By a Clydesdale Squire was slain ;  
 And Humphrey Buckrum's breathless corse  
 Was left upon the plain.  
 Sir Crawford Dough, fore dreading harm,  
 Far from the field did go ;  
 And spec'ative Sir Window-light  
 Sir Chiffel laid full low.  
 Thus was the stout Earl German-plains  
 In combat fairly foil'd,  
 By brave Earl Rose, and his true men,  
 Whom he had forely spoil'd.  
 But on a day, when Rose's men  
 Were met to chuse a Chief,  
 A Baron bold, Wheatenhead by name,  
 Stole 'mong them like a thief.  
 The Chief was chos'n—the glaſs went round—  
 The Baron grin'd a ſmile ;  
 " To brave Earl Rose," Sir Launcet cries,  
 " The Nobleſt of our Iſle :  
 " In his ſupport may honeſt men  
 " Unite with heart and hand ;  
 " May ev'ry foe which he may have  
 " Be forc'd to leave the land !"  
 Wheatenhead, who gnaſh'd his teeth with rage,  
 Soon roſe, and thus began,  
 " I'll ſee you damn'd, you boaſting fools,  
 " Before I drink your man !  
 " Not Freedom's cauſe, but ſelfiſh views,  
 " Can be your great man's aim ;  
 " His vaunted fight for Liberty  
 " Is no more than a name."

*H. M. Pherson Watch-Maker*

*A. M. Pherson Taylor*

*James*

*Yall*

*Mr. Tho. Hay*





Sir Launcet then, whose nervous hand  
 A bottle huge did fill,  
 High in the air at Wheatenhead  
 The crashing death did whirl.  
 But Wheatenhead, of prowess great,  
 Receiv'd it on his shield;  
 The weapon with ringing noise did brake,  
 And strew'd th' ensanguin'd field.  
 Then brave Sir Doeskin next advanc'd, *Mr Flawout Glover*  
 A glass his hand did grace;  
 "Are you the bold Wheatenhead?" he says,  
 And threw it in his face. *Mr Flaw*  
 Sir Shuttle-drive, whose warlike deeds  
 Full many a Bard have sung,  
 Bounc'd on a chair, and, wanting arms,  
 His wig at Wheatenhead flung.  
 Now Wheatenhead like a lion rag'd,  
 Robb'd of his destin'd prey;  
 In either hand he seiz'd a Knight,  
 And prostrate them did lay.  
 Sir Doeskine, and Sir Buttonhole,  
 And eke Sir Shuttle-drive,  
 Lay panting on the bloody floor,  
 And scarcely seem'd alive.  
 Of helmets, corsets, spears, and shields,  
 Dire was the carnage then;  
 The floor was strew'd with LIVING men;  
 The stair ran red with WINE!  
 Earl Clothyard in a milk-white suit,  
 Most like a Baron bold,  
 Did then approach Earl Wheatenhead,  
 And thus his mind unfold:  
 "Why wound these valiant Knights," says he,  
 "Your quarrel is with me;  
 "Let you and I the battle try,  
 "And see who first will flee!"

*Squire Shuttle-drive, &c.]* Deacon T—, a gentleman of small stature, but very zealous in the cause of freedom.

*Of helmets, corsets, &c.]* The arms of these redoubtable heroes were bottles, glasses, &c. which, being of a bruckle nature, were soon broke, and dyed the floor with their contents.

"Curs'd be the man," Earl Wheatenhead said,

"That breaks a spear with thee ;

"But in the Park, by next morn's light,

"Palladio shall meet me !"

*\* James Brown*

Palladio, stagg'ring from his place,

Cries, "Earl I'll meet thee there ;"

Then seiz'd th' unguarded Baron's limbs,

And dragg'd him down the stair.

Then to a stout Hibernian Squire, \*

*\* Mr. Epie Droteller*

Aquafortis was his name,

At midnight hour, with weary pace,

The trembling Baron came.

O ! Aquafortis will you hear ?

Has dead-sleep seal'd your eyes ?

Awake ! awake, my valiant Squire,

Your injur'd Baron dies !

Then in surprise the Squire awoke,

And nimbly left his bed ;

And while he burnish'd up his arms,

The Earl his Bible read.

So to the field they jointly hey'd,

Each clad in armour bright ;

But ere they reach'd the spot, the foe

Was snatch'd up from their fight.

Some fav'ring Pow'r, EDINA's friend,

The subtle fraud had form'd ;

But when Earl Wheatenhead saw the cheat

Like Sparta's King he storm'd,

I'll have the recreant wretch he cry'd,

Though hid in yonder smoke ;

Then brandishing his glitt'ring blade,

The God Ferara broke.

"Fight not with Heav'n," the Squire then said ;

"But peaceful turn away ;

"For ere three moons fly o'er your head

"You'll bless this bloodless day !"

God prosper long the brave Earl Rose,

And give EDINA peace ;

And grant henceforth such shameful broils

'Mongst her *brave* sons may cease.



*Palladio shall meet, &c.] A celebrated builder.*

*The Pow'r Ferara broke.] A broad-sword, made by the famous Andrew Ferara. What is very singular, tho' no antagonist appeared, this sword was brought home in two pieces.*